

A DAY OF SURPRISES

Connected with the Great Tennessee Rebellion.

LYNCHING OF BUD LINDSAY

At First Believed, Now Pronounced a Fake.

LABOR COMMISSIONER FORD ARRESTED.

He Is Shown to Have Been in Collision with the Miners.

FURNISHING THEM THE POINTERS

Which Enabled Them to Anticipate the Movements of the Military—At Coal Creek Church.

Knoxville, Tenn., August 22.—2 a. m.—(Special.)—A night of surprises is passing, after a day of startling sensations.

The report that Bud Lindsay had been lynched created the wildest excitement. Every effort was made to trace it down, but without result until this hour.

Now it is believed to be untrue. It appears, from the best evidence, that he had been captured for the purpose of lynching him. General Carnes found it out, and at once went in pursuit. He reached Lindsay just as the men were in the act of strapping him up, and rescued him. Lindsay was then returned to prison.

THE FIRST STORY

In Which the Lynching of Bud Lindsay Is

Knoxville, Tenn., August 21, 8 p. m.—(Special.)—Information has just reached Knoxville that Lindsay, the outlaw, has been taken out of the church and hung, and the story is well vouched for and generally believed.

The lynching was done by a party of soldiers. Lindsay has been very sullen and defiant since his capture and has made constant threats that he would escape and even up with General Carnes and Colonel Sevier. At first Lindsay was confined in the coal mines and was heavily chained and closely guarded. Today, however, he was transferred from the mines to the church.

With Kindred Spirits. In that house of God, desecrated by the presence of some of the greatest and meanest outlaws Tennessee has ever produced, Lindsay met kindred spirits and old friends. The change was a pleasant one for him. From a birth in a coal mine with convicts for his associates to a church where he was in the midst of old friends. That was just what Lindsay wanted. In less than ten minutes his brain was at work. He cursed everybody and debated the great injustice which was being heaped upon himself and those with him. Working his way through the dense throng of prisoners Lindsay reached the pulpit and began a harangue.

"Why do we stay here?" he exclaimed. "They have no right to keep us and we are fools to stay here. All we want to do is to dash out. Some of us will get killed, but some will get away. I am willing to take my chance. How many will go with me? We had just as well be dead as to be cooped up here."

At first Lindsay didn't meet with much encouragement, but shortly the prisoners began going to him and a dash for liberty appeared certain. General Carnes, who was informed of what was transpiring, went to the guard and read the riot act to Lindsay and the other prisoners.

"Just another word of that character," said the general to Lindsay, "and you go back to the coal mines."

Lindsay thanked General Carnes in the most sarcastic manner, then swore at him in a way that was not only profane, but the general paid no attention to the abuse.

The Soldiers Take Him. The story of Lindsay's contemplated escape reached the soldiers and they began talking of work that would settle Lindsay forever. Among the soldiers is a young fellow named Perkins who also has mighty good cause to hate Lindsay. Eighteen months ago Lindsay killed young Perkins' uncle and shot his daughter, who went crazy from the wound and is now an inmate of the insane asylum. Young Perkins certainly could not forget that bloody deed, and it is said that he took a prominent part in working up the feeling against the outlaw. About 10 o'clock a party of about fifty of the men went to the church and, by representing to the guards on duty that General Carnes wanted Lindsay at headquarters, got him out of the building. They disappeared up the valley and fifteen minutes later a dozen or more shots were heard in that direction. A half hour afterwards the same party of soldiers returned to the camp, but Lindsay was not with them. General Carnes was advised of the fact that Lindsay had been taken out on the representation that he had sent for the outlaw. The general at once ordered an investigation, but up to 1 o'clock no trace of Lindsay could be found. This story came to Knoxville over the Knoxville and Ohio railroad wire, and the wire was as badly choked with railroad work that but little news stuff can be handled.

The Associated Press Sends It Out. The Associated Press reporters on the field have sent the story out briefly, and both newspapers have received the same in

the Knoxville and Ohio wire from their men on the ground, and will print it in the morning. I have telegraphed to parties on the field, but so far nothing can get through, notwithstanding the fact that the story now on file in the telegraph office in Coal Creek.

E. C. B.

DOUBT CAST ON THE STORY. The Attempt to Lynch Lindsay Was Unsuccessful.

Knoxville, Tenn., August 22, 3 o'clock a. m.—(Special.)—I have just received a message from Mr. Peters, a correspondent now at Coal Creek.

That message gives another view of the Lindsay matter, and puts the entire affair under the cloud of a fake.

The newspapers here have every confidence in the story that at least an attempt was made to lynch Lindsay.

Mr. Peters says: A sensational episode occurred here tonight. The leader of the most daring, most lawless and most trouble-some miners was Bud Lindsay, and to his machinations, incendiary talk and influence with his class are due much of the turbulence on the creek. He has made himself so obnoxious to the more conservative miners, and to citizens not in sympathy with the rioters, that he has been a marked figure, and only his keeping within a safe distance of the military since his capture, and generally between four walls, has prevented him from being killed.

For several nights he was confined in an old mine and the mouth guarded by a large squad of soldiers. Affairs during the day have been so quiet, and the submission of the miners so general, that the watch was somewhat relaxed, and Lindsay had lost some of his fear, and wandered more widely within the enclosure. Tonight, in some



BUD LINDSEY BROUGHT TO TIME. He Agreed to Surrender When He Felt the Rope Around His Neck.

way that no one seemed to understand, four citizens managed to seize and where a shoving and in the dusk slipped him between the pickets. He was hurried up the valley towards Briceville and the mob, which gained force almost at every step, hurried him forward, fearing a desperate battle with the soldiers. The journey was not ended until reaching Briceville, the scene of the labor troubles and the home of the more conservative class of the miners. Once there a rope was secured and placed around his neck, the other end over a tree limb. The man's true character was soon seen. Although considered a desperate man and although he has at least a dozen murders to his account, he broke down and begged for his life with all possible fervor. His pleadings and lamentations were effective. He was promised life upon the sole and solemn promise that tomorrow he will turn state's evidence and reveal the names and plans of the leaders, how the mob was raised, the nature of the oath, the names of the miners known to have killed the soldiers or guards, in short, to reveal to the civil authorities all of the lawlessness that has reigned, and agreed to testify in the courts.

When all this was promised the rope was taken from his neck and he was returned to the camp for safe keeping.

It is now believed that with his testimony, twenty or thirty leaders can be successfully tried for murder and convicted.

Bud Lindsay's Bad Career. "It is everywhere believed that Bud Lindsay was undoubtedly the man who has incited the miners to the greater deeds of violence in the past few days."

In personal appearance, Lindsay was tall, lank, with a muddy complexion, and wore a shabby, contorted dress. His eyes were peculiarly arched, giving him a decidedly mean look. He does not look one straight in the eyes.

I had a chat with the notorious prisoner, through the kind permission of General Carnes, Saturday night. Bud had lost much of his nerve, and complained in a whining voice of his treatment, protesting that he was the aggrieved one, and that he was the man who indirectly caused General Anderson's life to be spared.

He comes from a good family, his brother Bob being postmaster at Coal Creek, and another brother, H. B. Lindsay, now acting as United States district attorney for this district of Tennessee. Both of these brothers are men of excellent reputation. Bud also holds a job under the republican

administration, wearing a deputy marshal's star.

When a boy he began his wicked ways. His father, it is said, gave him a dollar for the Sunday school box, but he exchanged the coin for a gun and started out to conquer. Afterward he saw a boy running across a field and badly perforated the

boy's back. His history was drawn from him with some difficulty.

He Tells His Story. "I got on the train at Jellico on Thursday," said he, "to come to Coal Creek and take my mother and sister away, because I knew there was to be trouble. At Newcomb about two hundred miners boarded the train."

"Some of them came to me and said they would kill me if I tried to work up a case against them. They said they were Kentucky miners. When the conductor came around they refused to pay their fare and I told them it was no right, that they had better not monkey on a mail train. A Coal Creek we found a big crowd and I was told the miners had captured Anderson."

"Now," continued he, with his improbable and inconsistent story, "I always liked Anderson and I would not do him harm for the world. The miners told me that if I did not get up and make Anderson's men surrender they would kill me. They even told me the words to repeat. So I was forced to go in and repeat those words. I told Anderson that if he did not give his men orders to surrender the miners would kill him. Then I tried to get away and prevent Anderson from being killed. I have not had a pistol or weapon since I came here."

He Killed Three Men. This story does not tally with the one General Anderson truthfully tells. Then again Lindsay was the man who made the incendiary speech advising the rioters to lynch the brave Memphis attorney, and it is not to be believed that he is entirely too modest in his claims.

"Yes, I shot and killed a man named Berry in Hancock county ten years ago, but he was coming at me with an open knife. In that affair two years ago I also acted in self-defense. Young Kirtz, in Campbell county, shot me and I had to kill him. His father and son were both attacking me. I had to kill Jim Cooper in 1884 or he would have killed me. I was placed in jail and I was forced to fight it out. But he had a knife. We both started to draw our coats. He got off his before I could unbuckle and came at me with the knife, so I shot him through the pocket and he dropped. He lived a little while. Cooper was formerly a deputy marshal."

This Bud's own record as he told it in somewhat uncouth language.

"Some years ago Jim Holdingsworth killed a man at Jellico. A crowd of the dead man's friends came down to avenge his death. But there was a battle in which three men were killed. Bud is suspected of keeping up his pace in this affair. There have been frequent negro riots at Jellico in which the lank man was prominently active. So Bud is regarded as a thoroughly bad man. It is said that it has cost the state almost \$10,000 to keep him in jail on various occasions. He says that he has always been promptly acquitted."

How He Was Arrested. He was thirty-eight years old on the day he was captured and has a wife and two children who live near at Coal Creek. The arrest of Lindsay was due to the sharp eye of Colonel Sevier, of Chattanooga. When Carnes' command was within a few rods of Jellico, the soldiers took down the railroad on a handcar. They said they were linemen come to repair a wire. No suspicion was attached to them as they began their work. One was a negro who carried a pair of pliers. The men began their work of twisting the wires, all the while casting furtive glances toward the soldiers. When the job was completed they suddenly broke for the handcar.

"Why, one of those men is Lindsay," remarked a soldier.

"That's the devil," ejaculated Colonel Sevier, "why, he's a ringleader," and off he started down the track after the car. He yelled to the guards who were in advance and they stopped the car. Lindsay, the negro, escaped. Colonel Sevier, however, caught a glance of the black man. When Sevier went down to the mine and conferred with the general demanding a surrender, a negro placed a revolver to his face and would have snuffed it had not a white miner knocked him down and held him to the ground. The officer recognized in the negro the man who had escaped from the handcar. He is known by the name of Waddy. The militia have information by which they expect to locate him. He will be given but little opportunity to live when the soldiers come in sight of him.

E. C. B.

SUNDAY IN CAMP. A Busy Day with the Soldiers—How Ford Takes His Arrest.

Coal Creek, Tenn., August 21.—(Special.) Funerals and camp church service, with a big dress parade, are about all that has transpired here today. But tomorrow promises to be about one of the busiest days General Carnes has yet had.

This morning General Carnes issued an order providing for religious services throughout the camp at 10 o'clock, and when the cannon at sunrise called the men to rank the order was promulgated. With the military there was a half dozen ministers, and at 10 o'clock, when the companies fell in, they were marched to different points, where the chaplains gave them a talk. None of the sermons were studied; neither were any of them long, but they were all timely, and received the close and undivided attention of the half dozen congregations. The chaplains returned thanks for the peace that reigned and the victory that had attended the army in true military style.

At Coal Creek Church. While the religious services were going on in the camp many of the villagers were in the church at Coal Creek, church after the dictates of their own

hearts. But before the church was thrown open for the Coal Creek people, a squad of military piled the broom indignantly, and when the few seconds the contents of this place, it registered as having been used as a military prison—and a mighty bad prison for those confined therein it has proven. Early in the morning one of the Nashville companies marched

the prisoners out of the church, escorting them to the big green in the center of the group. There they were huddled in a crowd, surrounded by the military. Soon the hot, broiling sun came out, and the heat became intense, but the miners did not mind it half so much as the boys who were guarding them. While the prisoners were being moved a squad of military men were giving the church a thorough cleaning, and when the church bell rang the building was as neat and clean as when new.

Ignored the Riots. That ringing bell called out all the citizens of the valley, and the church was full when the minister arose from behind the pulpit. The sermon delivered was in no way relative to the present trouble. The reverend gentleman ignored the matter wholly and seemed that he pleased his congregation by doing so. Immediately after the services were over the troops marched the miners back into the building, and there they are now confined, carefully guarded by a detachment of soldiers. A church can be converted into a military prison as well as any other building, but it should never be crowded. Over three hundred men are now confined in the church and that number precludes any possibility of rest. The prisoners are too many to give them chance to lie down and as a consequence those who can secure seats are kept upon their feet constantly and that, without being able to move about, is not the best ventilation in the country and the imprisonment is beginning to amount to a punishment, but it is the best General Carnes can do at the present time.

He ought to do. The prisoners are receiving no care or attention except that provided for them by the military. General Carnes has given their friends the privilege of feeding them, but will allow no communication of any kind. This the prisoners are protesting against. But General Carnes has nothing for their kicking. When the troops received their rations the same amount is given to the prisoners in the church in boxes and they must eat what they are given.

It Has Been a Busy Day. Though very quiet, the day has been a busy one for General Carnes. He has devoted his time to a careful and thorough investigation of the situation and to acquiring evidence against the ringleaders. The general's headquarters are located in a barber shop. In one room he holds a court of inquiry, while the bathroom is given up for a court of appeal. Beginning with the morning, General Carnes had the miners brought before him one at a time. They were all closely questioned in the presence of a soldier and then were released. Many of the prisoners answered all questions without any hesitancy, while some were very slow and sullen. Still there were some who refused to answer at all. They, however, were given a good taste of General Carnes' idea of punishment. Whenever one declined to answer a question the general would order him into the bathroom with the remainder.

"Maybe your memory needs refreshing and I have the place where it can be done. That will be a little warm, but I think it will be more refreshing than the military."

An hour or two's sweat generally brought the stubborn one around all right. At least it loosened many a tight tongue and the state made a profit largely by it, as the general acquired some very valuable information.

The Reins Tightly Held. The military government was in no way relaxed during the day, but was rigidly enforced. The only movement a resident could make without having a pass was during the morning hours when church doors were opened. The people have never been hampered so much before in their existence as they are now. The county was under martial law, General Carnes could himself try the prisoners, but only the legislature can declare martial law. Were it not that the people are so thoroughly intimidated by the general and in his presence or under his observation are as meek as children. There is no doubt that he is now exercising complete rule in this valley.

Even to some of his troops his conduct seems harsh, but those who know the miners best assert that his conduct is the only thing that can subdue the miners, and subdue them certainly are just now. The only thing that broke the monotony of the day was a trip by two companies to Jellico. General Carnes was reliably informed that a band of ten to three hundred miners had congregated there and that they had all been engaged in one of the battles. The general was informed, too, that in the evening three or four of the most prominent leaders of the insurrection. He at once made a requisition on the Knoxville and this road for an engine and, with a force of about thirty men, he started on a hurry. At Jellico he found about twenty men and among them was Jim Wells, one of the most desperate and daring men who has been in the war. Wells and some ten or fifteen of the miners were captured and brought to Coal Creek. They were put through the usual catechism of the military and then were released to the swearing, steaming box cars and the church.

Ford Is Seized. Ford, the late commissioner and inspector of mines, appointed by Governor Buchanan, takes his imprisonment mighty hard and is swearing vengeance against General Carnes and the state militia.

The papers found on Ford, when General Carnes had him searched, show plainly that he was acting in bad faith with the state. When General Carnes ordered the search Ford the little man sprang back, exclaiming:

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"Search that man." The officer stepped forward and Ford grappled with him. Ford was too small and a very few seconds the contents of his pockets were resting on General Carnes' table.

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Other Men Implicated. Other men prominent in state politics and men prominent in Coal Creek were reflected upon by some of the papers. Postmaster Smith, of this place, is registered as having been in the state much longer and the miners much good, but he will be given a chance to explain it all tomorrow. General Carnes will give up the day tomorrow to a civil court work surrounded with all the necessary paraphernalia of a military court martial, with "Squire Wilson" and "Squire Proctor" wearing the judicial ermine.

A big number of miners will be asked to plead to charges varying from murder and arson down to assault of all kinds. The evidence against some of these will be sufficient to cause the court to commit them to jail and that evidence will be given by their late companions in arms. It is said that at least a dozen of them will be shown up and black that hell will

be refused them. Over two hundred men will be put on trial and the work will last several days.

What to Do with the Prisoners. General Carnes now has over five hundred prisoners and their care is becoming a big problem with him. Tomorrow he expects to take about a hundred of them to Knoxville and jail as many of them as he can. The others will be sent to other points in the state and beyond.

The army is now thoroughly organized and is depleting the state treasury at a rate that is making the taxpayers nervous. It is regular military life the boys are leading and many of them are growing tired of it, very tired indeed. The best troops in the state came from Memphis and Knoxville and they are really the backbone of the army. The discipline is very rigid and the boys all around are beginning to make good soldiers. General Carnes has certainly shown himself completely able to control the situation and to bring order out of the great confusion.

There were four funerals up and down the valley this afternoon, and two army chaplains officiated. None of them were military funerals, however.

A Startling Rumor. A startling rumor has reached here this evening to the effect that the body of Neil, the Nashville soldier who was killed in the valley fight Friday, was stolen from the train last night. The body ought to have reached Nashville yesterday morning, but private telegrams from there late this afternoon asked where the body was. The rumor of the theft cannot be verified. It is not believed, but General Carnes is investigating the best he can.

The Soldiers Get Whiskey. During the morning a squad of soldiers broke into Laughter's drug store and carried away two or three kegs of whiskey. This has created great excitement here, and the place is greatly excited. The soldiers are wholly without protection, the men of nearly every family being locked up. General Carnes will see that no indulgence is offered any lawless woman. The whiskey was divided out before General Carnes knew that the ugly case had been done. He will have the matter thoroughly investigated, and will punish the guilty parties.

E. C. B.

THE TRIAL OF THE SUSPECTS. They May Escape Punishment, but the Leaders Will Be Given the Limit of the Law.

Nashville, Tenn., August 21.—(Special.) The men arrested at Coal Creek must be tried in this county by the civil authorities, and it is very doubtful whether any one of them will ever be punished. For this reason they will probably be kept prisoners as long as possible, in order that they shall not entirely escape punishment. General Norman today telegraphed General Carnes as follows:

"The men arrested in regard to the trial of suspects. If convicted they should be sent to Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville or some other place where they are safe kept. I would send them to a place of safe keeping from any danger of release till the next morning. You have them charged with an open act of rebellion under arms. The leaders should have no chance for escaping the penalty of the law. Plenty of ammunition in Knoxville. Let ordinance officer look after it. Tents and camping outfits shipped. If you need any more you are authorized to buy."

H. H. NORMAN, Adjutant General. General Carnes, it seems, is investigating each case, and only holding those prisoners against whom he has good proof. The object to be attained by removing the prisoners from Anderson county is preventing their release on straw bonds and holding them in the county where they are. The martial law, General Carnes could himself try the prisoners, but only the legislature can declare martial law. Were it not that the people are so thoroughly intimidated by the general and in his presence or under his observation are as meek as children. There is no doubt that he is now exercising complete rule in this valley.

Even to some of his troops his conduct seems harsh, but those who know the miners best assert that his conduct is the only thing that can subdue the miners, and subdue them certainly are just now. The only thing that broke the monotony of the day was a trip by two companies to Jellico. General Carnes was reliably informed that a band of ten to three hundred miners had congregated there and that they had all been engaged in one of the battles. The general was informed, too, that in the evening three or four of the most prominent leaders of the insurrection. He at once made a requisition on the Knoxville and this road for an engine and, with a force of about thirty men, he started on a hurry. At Jellico he found about twenty men and among them was Jim Wells, one of the most desperate and daring men who has been in the war. Wells and some ten or fifteen of the miners were captured and brought to Coal Creek. They were put through the usual catechism of the military and then were released to the swearing, steaming box cars and the church.

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MOTHERS DISAGREE.

The Mystery That Surrounds the Disappearance

OF ALBERT JENNINGS IN CHICAGO.

A Love Affair and the Interference of His Mother.

SUPPOSED TO BE THE CAUSE.

The Young Lady Is Prostrated with Grief—She Is from Atlanta—A Bad Story.

Chicago, August 21.—(Special.)—A very sad story surrounds the disappearance of Arthur J. Jennings, the young cashier at the local office of the Northern Pacific Express Company.

As is usual in such cases, there is a woman at the bottom of it, but as is also quite unusual there is no shortage in the accounts and the young man's last month's salary remains to his credit.

The young woman is Miss Mary Racine, an attractive young lady who recently arrived in Chicago from her home in Atlanta, Ga., and secured employment in a downtown office. It is a story of a misunderstanding between the mothers of the young people. Arthur Jennings became infatuated with Miss Racine soon after her arrival in this city and his attentions were anything but disagreeable. The young cashier drew a salary of \$100 per month, and soon he was spending the most of his spare time and a goodly share of his salary on the young lady. Mrs. Jennings came to the conclusion that his money might be devoted to better purposes and called on Mrs. Racine with a remonstrance.

The latter retorted by saying that the alliance of her daughter with Arthur Jennings was not to her own liking and she wished he would stay away from the house. The next morning the young lady called at the express office and told her lover all about it. Arthur resented such interference and going home, packed his valise and left home, taking up his abode with a fellow clerk. He then wrote to Miss Racine to meet him the following Thursday and slope with him to Milwaukee, where they would be married. She says she loved Arthur, but did not want to run away with him. Jennings has been employed at the express office three years. He was a bright, handsome fellow, popular with the officials and trustworthy in business.

AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK. The Reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in September.

ATLANTA CHURCHES.

How the Doctrines of Christianity Were Expounded Yesterday.

DR. MONK AND DR. MATTHEWS HERE.

Some Interesting and Powerful Sermons The Day Was Pleasant and Every Church Was Crowded.

Atlanta's churches were well filled yesterday, as they always are.

The day was cool and shady, with gray clouds so that none stayed away on account of heat or other conditions of the weather.

When the hour of service came, the chorists in all the varied temples to the living Jehovah began to chant their opening hymns, every church was well crowded from entrance to altar with men, women and children.

The Sunday schools, too, all had successful gatherings, good lessons and interesting lectures and to judge from the evidences rendered yesterday religious Atlanta is doing its full share in the great work of spreading the "light that comes from God."

At Trinity.

The pulpit at Trinity yesterday was occupied by Rev. Dr. A. Monk.

Dr. Monk was invited to preach in the absence of the regular pastor, Rev. W. Walker Lewis, who with his interesting family is spending a well-earned vacation in the resort lands of Virginia.

With a most interesting theme, a splendid delivery and a powerful style, Dr. Monk preached an excellent sermon at Trinity and every one who heard it was delighted and instructed. The music, too, was very sweet, and all in all the service most entertaining and pleasingly impressive.

At the First Baptist.

One of the ablest divines who has preached in Atlanta for some time is Dr. W. A. Matthews, who preached at the First Baptist yesterday.

His sermon was heartily enjoyed by every one. Timely and most forcibly delivered it deserves to be called a powerful discourse, and so it was regarded by all present.

The congregation was large and the services passed off happily.

First Christian Church.

"Take the Sunday with you through the week and sweeten with it all the other days," seems to be the sentiment of the congregation that gathers at the First Christian church on Hunter street.

Notwithstanding the clouds which Jeanquin Miller says are fair resting places for the weary dead on their way to heaven; and which on yesterday were veritable August clouds melting into streams of rain, there was a very large audience to hear the last, but one, of the series of sermons Mr. Williamson is preaching on the Lord's prayer.

He will speak to you, said the minister, very briefly of two or three points in your weekly simple yet all-comprehensive prayer which Jesus gave to us to pray. Teach it to your children, it is worthy their study, though they will not know the full beauty of it till they reach the great white throne, and worship with the angels there.

Of the seven distinct petitions in this prayer there is but one, "Give us this day our daily bread," which asks for temporal blessings. Is there no lesson for us here? Is there no measure the temporal and the spiritual blessings? How infinitely greater are the needs of the soul! God thus teaches us!

The very first word of this petition is a recognition of God as our Father.

God is love, and this is synonymous with God is a giver. Through His great love He gives good gifts unto the world.

We love so do we, also, give! By this I do not mean the giving of money only. There are men who would willingly give of their money to buy their way to heaven, as they would buy their tickets to New York.

One evidence of love to God is the giving of time, of work, of kindness, of sympathy, of meditation. "Our thoughts are ours; their ends none of our own," and our lives are measured by these thoughts. What do you love most? Is it you this and love and give, is your life?

This prayer is the prayer of the ungodly. It is not given to me, but give us, our daily bread. True religion is beautifully unselfish. The final outcome of all that Christ did or taught, was "I came into the world a ransom for the souls of men."

There is no covetousness in this prayer. It is given to us, but we are to give it to God. It is not grasping, only our daily portion for one day; just "this day our daily bread." There are those who are grasping, grasping, grasping, and as Mr. Williamson pictured these grasping Christians waiting for the "rainy day" that the narrow might bring, he seemed to re-echo the thoughts of that sweet southern poet who said:

"O fair tomorrow, what our souls have missed Yet not keeping for us, somewhere still! The buds of promise that have never bloomed—The tender lips that we have never kissed—The songs whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill!"

The one white pearl that life hath never known."

Then, turning from the regret that there should ever be covetous souls who miss the sweet joy of living day by day, he said, "The Master's sake—Mr. Williamson spoke with tender gratitude of the blessing of the night—the holy night when sleep and love and give, the lips of care and bids them complain no more. How mercifully God has broken the days of labor with the intervening night of rest. Bless the Lord for the night season, he said; no wonder David, under the glory of a southern sky, sang:

"The heavens declare the glory of God."

Accept the rest that comes when evening brings you home, my brother, with new purpose praying God "give us this day our daily bread."

After this, hurriedly, but forcibly, Mr. Williamson spoke of the eternal and only linked petition—"and forgive us our debts, as we have forgiven our debtors"—and with much power brought home to the hearts of his hearers the need for the living of the two petitions, which lesson must bring forth much fruit.

The service of the day closed, after the communion, with that old sweet song, "God be with you till we meet again."

There was no night service, and this congregation will probably worship with the First Baptist church next Sunday morning, but wherever it be they must be heard who echo the old song, "and repeat again and again."

"God keep you every time and everywhere!"

Meane Memorial Church.

The Rev. J. B. Kolb, missionary of Brazil, occupied the pulpit of R. A. Holberry yesterday morning, delivering a very able discourse upon the "Assurance of Faith" as his subject, taking the first five verses of the eighth chapter of Romans as his text.

"Therefore there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," is an expression which shows that man has been forgiven his sins, and that he is now a great man; "For what law could go to it that it was weak through the flesh, God sent his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin condemned sin in the flesh. How much God must have loved mankind that he could send his only Son."

Christ was offered a sacrifice for man's sin in accordance to the law, for a sin offering must be without a blemish. Was the old law, so was Christ offered without a blemish.

The spirit guides by its influences upon the soul as well as by the words he have. The true Christian will become fatigued and weary, as did Christ, but when he stops to rest he must not look back as Lot's wife, but press forward.

In walking after the spirit we must not walk only but must mind the things of the soul.

Heavenly grace to walk after Christ. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, is an assurance that if we would be like Christ, we must be like Him in mind and spirit, and that when we are so like Him that we have the assurance of His word that we shall go with Him to reign forever.

NO POLITICS IN THEIR.

Policemen Must Not Mix with Politics at All.

Policemen must not take part in politics. So says section 852 of the city code and Chief Connolly has reminded the officers of it by having the section read out to the officers as they go on duty.

The section reads: "Section 852. No officer or member of the police force will be allowed to advocate the claims of any citizen for any municipal office to the neglect of his official duty."

The municipal race is just beginning to be talked of and policemen being human are feeling an interest in it. And they have been expressing some opinions and some prejudices.

Chief Connolly decided to nip all this in the bud and he called the officers' attention to the law by having it read to them.

Now, the cops are wary of politics and political subjects.

The Presentation of Tickets.

The following tickets have been suggested for the perusal of the public:

Editor Constitution—Atlanta could never have a better council than this:

JAMES W. ENGLISH, For Mayor;
JOHN J. PATTERSON, For Alderman;
E. C. PETERS, For Councilman.

First Ward—DANIEL W. GREEN;
Second Ward—OTTO SCHWAB;
Third Ward—D. A. BEATIE;
Fourth Ward—J. M. BEUTLER;
Fifth Ward—M. BEUTLER;
Sixth Ward—MARTIN AMOROUS.

For Mayor:
JOHN B. GOODWIN;
For Alderman:
South Side—W. D. ELLIS;
North Side—J. T. COOPER.

For Councilman:
First Ward—C. O. MAYSON;
Second Ward—P. J. MOKAN;
Third Ward—A. C. SMITH;
Fourth Ward—J. H. HENDRICKS;
Fifth Ward—GEORGE A. DOYLE;
Sixth Ward—B. B. CREW.

Editor Constitution—A safe ticket would be this one:

For Mayor:
RICHARD T. INMAN;
For Alderman:
South Side—STEWART W. WOODSON;
North Side—E. C. PETERS.

For Councilman:
First Ward—D. A. BEATIE;
Second Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Third Ward—GEORGE A. DOYLE;
Fourth Ward—J. H. HENDRICKS;
Fifth Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Sixth Ward—A. L. WALDO.

Editor Constitution—I suggest the following as a good ticket for Mayor and Council:

For Mayor:
JOHN B. GOODWIN;
For Alderman:
North Side—D. L. TURNER;
South Side—ARNOLD BROYLES.

For Councilman:
First Ward—M. P. CAMP;
Second Ward—STEWART WOODSON;
Third Ward—WHEELER MANGUM;
Fourth Ward—S. A. MORRIS;
Fifth Ward—ZACH MARRIN;
Sixth Ward—MAJOR PHILIP WARREN.

Editor Constitution—How me to suggest a ticket of safe, conservative business men who will administer the city's affairs in a business like and sane manner:

For Mayor:
W. M. MIDDLEBROOKS;
For Alderman:
South Side—ARNOLD BROYLES;
North Side—A. MORRIS.

For Councilman:
First Ward—JOHN CALLAGHAN;
Second Ward—JOE GATLINE;
Third Ward—D. A. BEATIE;
Fourth Ward—T. L. BISHOP;
Fifth Ward—B. B. CREW;
Sixth Ward—DR. ALICE AVARY.

Editor Constitution—How will this do?

For Mayor:
DR. R. D. SPALDING;
For Alderman:
North Side—J. C. HENDRICKS;
South Side—ARNOLD BROYLES.

For Councilman:
First Ward—M. P. CAMP;
Second Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Third Ward—GEORGE A. DOYLE;
Fourth Ward—J. H. HENDRICKS;
Fifth Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Sixth Ward—A. L. WALDO.

Editor Constitution—Here is a good ticket that many voters would be glad to support—the best of men:

For Mayor:
J. G. OGLEBERRY;
For Alderman:
North Side—JOHN J. HOPKINS;
South Side—JOE HIRSCH.

For Councilman:
First Ward—AARON HAAS;
Second Ward—P. M. KENNEY;
Third Ward—WHEELER MANGUM;
Fourth Ward—C. K. RUIZ;
Fifth Ward—A. L. KONTZ;
Sixth Ward—ED C. PETERS.

Editor Constitution—Careful thought has been given and advice taken before putting forth the following ticket. The men herein suggested are interested in the progress and improvement of the city:

For Mayor:
R. D. SPALDING;
For Alderman:
North Side—H. H. CARRIERS;
South Side—ARNOLD BROYLES.

For Councilman:
First Ward—JOE HIRSCH;
Second Ward—D. A. BEATIE;
Third Ward—WHEELER MANGUM;
Fourth Ward—T. L. BISHOP;
Fifth Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Sixth Ward—JOE KINGSBERRY.

Editor Constitution—Men should not be selected for office on account of their local or personal trade, class, color, or profession to which they belong. They should be men of ability who are great enough and broad enough to take in the whole people and serve them fairly and impartially. The following are no doubt such men:

For Mayor:
JOHN T. GOODWIN;
For Alderman:
South Side—JOSEPH HIRSH;
North Side—R. J. GRIFFIN.

For Councilman:
First Ward—M. P. CAMP;
Second Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Third Ward—WHEELER MANGUM;
Fourth Ward—S. A. MORRIS;
Fifth Ward—A. L. KONTZ;
Sixth Ward—C. S. KINGSBERRY.

Editor Constitution—I propose this ticket:

For Mayor:
DR. R. D. SPALDING;
For Alderman:
North Side—J. C. HENDRICKS;
South Side—ARNOLD BROYLES.

For Councilman:
First Ward—M. P. CAMP;
Second Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Third Ward—WHEELER MANGUM;
Fourth Ward—S. A. MORRIS;
Fifth Ward—A. L. KONTZ;
Sixth Ward—C. S. KINGSBERRY.

Another Proposition.

Atlanta, Ga., August 20, 1892.—Editor Constitution: I notice that of the many names suggested for the coming city election nearly every class of our citizens have been mentioned.

Some, however, who have contributed more in their way to the finances of our city than any other, have been ignored. They are, as you are now familiar with, the government in the matters of public improvement, and by reference to our city records it will be seen that they have contributed to the city treasury far more than the ordinary citizen.

I therefore suggest:

For Mayor:
LEE PRACOCK;
For Alderman:
South Side—HIRSH RAY;
North Side—MILL WATERS.

For Councilman:
First Ward—GEORGE KYLE;
Second Ward—W. D. ELLIS;
Third Ward—WHEELER MANGUM;
Fourth Ward—S. A. MORRIS;
Fifth Ward—JOE HIRSCH;
Sixth Ward—JOHN HARRIS.

If the above ticket is elected I am satisfied that the city government would be much improved, especially in the execution of our police laws.

A HEROINE ONCE,

A Prisoner Now—The Old Story of Mrs. Patterson Recalled

BY HER ARREST YESTERDAY MORNING.

She Figured in a Dramatic Episode with a Georgia Legislator at Grant Park Once—The Details.

Mrs. Nellie Patterson, a middle-aged woman, rather stout, and very well dressed, was a prisoner at the police station yesterday afternoon.

During the time of her confinement she sat complacently in the station house keeper's office, and fanned herself with a pretty lace fan and looked as unconcerned as possible.

Mrs. Patterson has figured before the public before. She created a great sensation two years ago by being out almost to death by her husband at Grant park. Her husband is now serving out a seven-year sentence in the penitentiary for the act.

The charge against Mrs. Patterson yesterday was rendering aid to a felon, and on the Sabbath day. In other words she was caught by the officers running a booze shop over Jake McKinley's on Market street. She was arrested by Detectives Grim and Walton, and she will appear in police court today.

Her arrest recalls the very sensational story of her difficulty at Grant park, and Sunday morning, when the interesting story of one woman's career.

Mrs. Patterson is a rather fine looking woman, and her domestic life up to two years ago was happily and peacefully.

But whether happy or unhappy it terminated very disastrously.

One day her husband found her at Grant park with a prominent member of the Georgia legislature, and in a jealous rage he whipped out his knife and began slashing her with it.

He fought like a madman, and she was badly cut up. Finally he was pulled away and turned over to an officer. Later he was tried and was given seven years in the pen.

Mrs. Patterson was then left alone, and she began a hard battle for her. Whatever had been her faults her condition now was not at all enviable.

Thrown upon the mercy of the world, with little knowledge of its ways, she found it an up-hill fight, and bitter, indeed, were her experiences.

Yesterday's arrest furnishes the sequel to the story of her arrest is an outcome, no doubt, of the Grant park episode. Detectives Grim and Walton have had their eyes upon her little home, and they became convinced that she was selling whisky and beer.

Yesterday they watched again and her arrest was the result.

Mrs. Patterson has not lost her physical beauty, however hard her struggles have been.

She furnished a two-hundred-dollar bond late in the afternoon and was released.

WILL ELLIS'S TRIAL.

It will be held before Justice Wins in Marietta today.

Will Ellis will be given a preliminary hearing before Justice C. W. Winn at Marietta today.

The hearing will occupy the entire day and may not be completed until tomorrow.

There is an army of witnesses to be examined and the testimony may take up two days.

His attorney, Mr. Frank Harrison, anticipates no trouble in being able to prove that Ellis was in Atlanta on the day Mrs. Looney was killed. It begins to look as if he would succeed.

CITY NOTES.

Jack Barbee, a negro employed at Jack's bakery, was badly cut in a row at the new waterworks Saturday night. The negro may die.

Will Pratt and Will Day had a fight Saturday night, and Pratt cut Day in several places very severely. Jealousy was the cause of the fight.

Patrolmen Kilpatrick and Swan and Sergeant Slaughter raided a gambling den on Marietta street, and seized a number of gamblers out in a panic, and Jim Keith and Gilbert Cotton were the only men taken. They were locked up.

Patrolmen Crim and Walton yesterday arrested Dillard Ballard, Roberta Richardson, Vernon Hodges and Laura Bell for "retailing" spirituous and malt liquors without license on the Sabbath day. Their cases were set for trial tomorrow.

Mr. J. M. Crute, chief mailing clerk of the Richmond and Norfolk railway, was arrested at Washington after one week's visit to relatives and friends of this city.

The First Play of the Season.

Dion Boucicault's masterpiece, "After Dark," will be the opening play of the season at the opera house. It is, as many persons know, a complete production. We are assured for years an immense and merited success in the United States.

It was written by the late Dion Boucicault when at his best, indeed, nothing better has been written. The play is a masterpiece of the pen of the gifted playwright has met with more appreciation than "After Dark." Full of startling situations, live romance, villainy and generous impulses, it never fails to interest and arouse sympathy which, unprotected and suffering virtue always calls for, and the condemnation which villainy, vice and crime deserve. The company is said to be a complete one, and the production is said to be an excellent certificate of character and is loud in its praise of the theatre.

As a rescue from drowning in the water scene; the underground railway scene, which is a masterpiece of the pen of the gifted playwright has met with more appreciation than "After Dark." Full of startling situations, live romance, villainy and generous impulses, it never fails to interest and arouse sympathy which, unprotected and suffering virtue always calls for, and the condemnation which villainy, vice and crime deserve. The company is said to be a complete one, and the production is said to be an excellent certificate of character and is loud in its praise of the theatre.

George Wilson, merry and jolly, will pay Atlanta his annual visit next Friday and Saturday, when he will introduce to his many friends here his new show, which he considers the greatest animal entertainment he has ever had the good fortune to have, which is a saying a great deal.

In an solo will be found Dan Regan, America's favorite banjoist and entertainer. Then comes the southern dancing interlude, introducing Welby, Pearl, Kevs, Myle, Lori, raine and Rostrum, concluding with their great soft shoe dance.

Later on George, the musical comedian, in their original sketch, "Bill and I," are the new entertainers.

The performance concludes with the new sketch, "Welby, Pearl and Kevs, in an exclusive specialty, 'Sitting Down'."

The Silver Question in India.

London, August 21.—The silver question has been the subject of much discussion in the House of Commons. The members of the government are causing dissatisfaction throughout the country. A difference of opinion exists in regard to the gold standard, but the conviction is growing that the time has arrived for the government to take the public into its confidence and prevent the further fall of the rupee by closing the mints to free silver coinage.

Closed to Canadian Vessels.

Ottawa, Ont., August 21.—The intelligence that President Cleveland had issued a proclamation against Canada, had caused a little excitement here. The members of the government, with the exception of the postmaster general, minister of railways and canal and minister of agriculture are out of town. None of the ministers here are disposed to express a decided opinion at present as to what action Canada will take.

how that the "American Zoo" canal is to all intents and purposes closed to Canadian vessels, owing to prohibitory duties. President Harrison's action was totally unexpected. Judging from the unrecurrent feeling displayed in official circles, the Canadian government will likely not yield. It is surmised that a full meeting of the cabinet will be held at an early date to consider the situation.

"CHANGE OF VENUE."

A Second Who Got His Just Deserts If It Weren't According to Law.

Santa Anna, Cal., August 21.—Francisco Torres, the murderer of Captain William McKelvey, the former of Madame Modjeska's ranch in San Diego, was taken out of jail by a mob of thirty-five men yesterday morning, shortly after midnight, and hanged to a telegraph pole at the corner of Fourth and Sycamore streets.

Some in a quiet and orderly manner, the city knowing nothing of it until day light. While generally condemned, the lynching is the result of a boast that his Mexican friends intended to swear him free, and the county would be unable to punish him. At the coroner's inquest on Torres's body, Robert Cogburn, a night watchman at the jail, testified that just before 1 o'clock the men came to the jail door and demanded admittance. He refused, and they battered in the door with a sledge hammer. The masked men entered and took the keys to the cells away from him. Torres fought like a maniac, when they attempted to take him from the cell, but he was finally bound hand and foot. Torres was given no time to pray, but the noise was adjusted and he was strung up to the nearest telegraph pole. The coroner's verdict was, "Hung by parties unknown." On Torres's breast was pinned a placard labeled, "Change of venue."

A Pitiful Case.

Lumpkin, Ga., August 21.—(Special.)—Tom Thornton is again an inmate of the jail. Tom is one of the darkeys who were convicted of stealing Mr. Freeman Walker's money, and he was sentenced to serve twelve months on the chain and restraints in jail three months. A short time before his sentence expired Tom escaped and returned to Lumpkin county and was arrested in the courthouse. He was sent back to serve out his time. A few days ago Sheriff Holder heard that Tom was somewhere near home, so he went out and brought him in. The negro says that his time was nearly out, and the guards told him if he would leave and come home they would let him go. This seemed to be reasonable for the poor negro is unable to do any work. One of his hands has recently been severely mangled by machinery and he is so afflicted with blood poison that he can scarcely walk. The sheriff had no other alternative than to obey the law, so he lodged Tom in jail. It seems a pity for this poor, suffering wreck of humanity to be forced to remain in jail three months. The pain that he suffers seems to be punishment enough and humanity calls for his release.

Sinking Into the Earth.

Jackson, Mich., August 21.—Woodville, a small village, near this city, on the line of the Michigan Central railroad, is in danger of sinking beneath the waves. The ground, owing to the caving in of a deserted mine, the area covered by the holes extending fifty or sixty rods square, while the undermined section is probably a half-mile square.

The Outlaws Captured.

Wichita, Kan., August 21.—The St. Louis and San Francisco train, which left here at 10 o'clock last night, was held up, and the Wells-Fargo express robbed by a party of outlaws. Butler county, about midnight, and before 9 o'clock, the morning the outlaws were captured, with a part of the booty.

Trying to Save His Carcass.

Zebulon, Ga., August 21.—(Special.)—The friends of Quirk, who is new under sentence of death, have been very active during the past week securing signatures to a petition asking the governor to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. Of course, the governor will not do this, but whom it was suggested that he should sign a counter petition has been numerous in the vicinity of the murder.

The Sheriff Assassinated.

Brownsville, Tex., August 21.—S. A. Brito, sheriff of Cameron county, was assassinated this morning while returning from a rendezvous just outside the city. He was well known on the frontier as a terror to evil doers. No clue to the murderers has yet developed.

The Committee Appointed.

New Orleans, August 21.—(Special.)—General John B. Gordon, commander of the Confederate Veterans, makes the following appointments in conformity with a resolution unanimously passed by the late convention of the United Confederate Veterans, held at New Orleans April 8, 1892, as the committee whose duties it shall be to memorialize the governors and legislatures of the several states and territories which composed the late confederate states, who have not already done so, requesting that appropriations be made for maimed and helpless confederate veterans and their widows.

Lieutenants General Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C., chairman; Hon. John W. Daniel, Richmond, Va.; ex-Governor Robert B. Taylor, Jackson, Miss.; ex-Governor S. Ross, College Station, Tex.; ex-Governor James E. Eagle, Little Rock, Ark.

The Sheriff Assassinated.

Brownsville, Tex., August 21.—S. A. Brito, sheriff of Cameron county, was assassinated this morning while returning from a rendezvous just outside the city. He was well known on the frontier as a terror to evil doers. No clue to the murderers has yet developed.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AT WHOLESALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

10 DOLLARS

Buy any Light Colored Suit—Sack or Cutaway—in our Stock. We are determined that we shall carry no Summer Stock over.

So if we can fit you—and we have plenty large sizes—You can get any Light Colored Suit, regardless whether it sold for \$15, \$18, \$20 or \$25, for

10 DOLLARS.

A. Benfield & Co.

EVERYTHING IN MEN'S ATTIRE, 24 WHITEHALL, COR. ALABAMA ST.

MURRELL'S LINE.

FROM BRUNSWICK TO LIVERPOOL AND BREMEN.

The Only South Atlantic Line to European Ports.

SHORT ROUTE TO EUROPE.

Connecting September 30th, 1892, the following Steamships will make regular sailings from Brunswick, Ga., to Liverpool and Bremen:

Ship	Tons	Class	Master
S. S. WY			

For fence 62 votes
Stock law received 11 votes
Majority for fence 51 votes
W. L. CALHOUN, Ordinary.
sug-20t.

WHAT IS NEWS?

A Disquisition Upon an Important Question.

BY MRS. EMILIE VERDERY BATTEY.

Her Ideas Upon the Newspapers of the Future—Reminiscences of Well-Known Newspaper Men in New York.

"The School of Journalism," which was noticed by The Constitution some days since, was a story of some interest to a great many people.

As stated in that article, the "Frank Nestor" of the school is Mrs. Emilie Verdery Battey, a Georgia lady, who for twenty years has sustained her place in the newspaper circles of New York.

"I am not attempting to establish a school of journalism," said Mrs. Battey, in explanation of her scheme. "In saying that there is but one school of journalism, and that is the newspaper office, I am only repeating what has been enunciated by the elder Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry Watterson, Frederick Hudson and many other distinguished journalists, and among them that scholar of the American press and king of editors, C. A. Dana. In fact, I do not know an editor or a successful journalist in our country that entertains any other opinion."

Difficulties to be Met With.

"Every successful journalist who is candid will confess, however, that, in the beginning of his or her career, they were indebted, more or less, to some one or other, or to several journalists, who gave them the opportunity, the guidance, information and instruction in technique which enabled them to gain the entrance to that school. Premeditated introduction, or chance acquaintance, if there is any such thing as chance in this world, has, as a rule, been the starting point which has developed many a bright and observing young man or woman into a journalist."

"In starting a bureau of information and journalism, about a year ago, in New York, my primary object was to systematize the methods by which young journalists might reach the goal of their wishes, viz: place and position upon the press, or the entrance to the newspaper office. The number of young women and young men who were making the effort to write for newspapers, and obtain positions thereon, had become so immense that editors found it impossible to attend to their wants, or even to give them a hearing; and older journalists were taxed to a most unreasonable extent to give gratuitous counsel and aid to these beginners. No sooner was it proposed to me to open such a bureau, by the managers of the American Press Association, than I seized the opportunity, and began at once to create what has proved to me a useful occupation, and one that fills a great want. But not once have I arrogated to myself that I could create a school or college of journalism. My applicants are not 'students,' although I teach them many things. I call them my 'clients,' or 'candidates.'"

An Interesting Study.

"So interesting, as well as remunerative, did I find my work in New York, that I regretted the necessity of leaving there to come to Atlanta. But finding that many of my clients followed me to this city, and that others applied to me for the guidance and instruction of my bureau in Atlanta, I determined to continue it here, with a branch of the same in New York."

"Again my principal object is not to teach young reporters 'what is news.' That they learn when they are once within the newspaper office. The assignments from the desk teach them how to make the distinction between news of fact and news of opinion, news of incident and event, news of politics, and of administration of public affairs, news of men and of personal character, news of society, of social movements, and of life. I try also to teach them how to make this qualitative analysis of news, for it is one of the most rigid necessities of the profession, but nothing more relative to news gathering. I try during the time that they make use of the forces and facilities of my bureau to give them enlarged ideas of what should be the character of a great newspaper. I try to teach them that above all things truth and accuracy of statement is the first requisite of a good report. I try to impress upon their minds that the basis of all power is truth and the basis of the special power of the press is its power of repetition and multiplication, and, therefore, this power should be used with the greatest conscientiousness. That there is no such thing as a science of journalism, that journalism is an art, not a science. It can never be taught in a school. To make a school of journalism effective it would be necessary to have it publish a newspaper, and the office of that newspaper would have to be the school of journalism, just what a swimming pool is to a swimming school. Learning to swim in a pool could never teach a man how to breast the waves of the ocean, nor could a paper run by a bureau or school of journalism teach a man to be a finished journalist. He must learn the principles of correct journalism, and many of its technicalities, but this, greatest of all arts, can be learned only in the office of a great newspaper. In the language of Samuel Bowles: 'The press guardian, who betide the press and nation, too, if he is a former fails of its opportunity, and of its trust.'"

Setting the Judge Right.

Washington, Ga., August 21.—(Special.) Judge A. H. Willie, who was, and is, perhaps, still chief justice of Texas, is a native of Washington, Wilkes county, not Washington county, as some of the Georgia papers are printing. We published his name along with six Georgians by birth who now represent other states in the present congress. The list has been generally copied by other papers, but they took away Washington's chief justice. The list of congressmen came from the congressional directory, but Texas has since sent another Georgian to represent her. This is Representative Anthony, who succeeded Mr. Mills when he went to the senate. Mr. Anthony was at our state convention and spoke. Those who heard him say he is an eloquent man and very handsome. His grandfather, Dr. Milton Anthony, of Augusta, was one of the handsomest men of his time.

Coveta's Gain.

Newnan, Ga., August 21.—(Special.)—The total gain in the value of property returned for taxation in Coveta county the present year is \$356,258. Of this increase \$271,792 is credited to the fifth district. The total number of defaulters in the county is 435, of whom 64 are white and 361 colored.

Monks' Rattles.

Waynesboro, Ga., August 21.—(Special.) Dr. E. A. Harris has in his office a large rattlesnake confined in a box with a wire front. He is a daisy, having about fifteen rattles. He was driven into the box by parties in Emanuel county. W. G. Farrow killed one Tuesday that had thirteen rattles. These are not snake stories.

BESIDE HIS MOTHER,

As He Requested Before Dying, Bruce Harris Was Laid

TO REST IN OAKLAND YESTERDAY.

His Old Comrades Sadly Bear the Casket to the Open Grave—The Funeral Services.

Bruce Harris's body was laid to rest in Oakland beside that of his mother yesterday afternoon in accordance with the last request he ever made.

His old comrades of the police force bore the casket that contained his body to the side of the open grave. There, with uncovered heads, they, with a few friends, stood around the coffin, while a prayer was said and a song was sung. Then they lowered his body into the grave. The fresh earth was heaped into it, the sexton made a mound above it, and the funeral procession turned away and left Bruce Harris to the sleep he bought with his life.

It was the last of Bruce Harris. The mound was made and the procession turned away almost before they had fully realized that he was dead. Less than twenty-four hours before many of them had seen him walking the streets in the full flush of health and it seemed incredible that in such a narrow space of time that he should be buried. The news of his death, as published in yesterday's Constitution, created a profound sensation in the city. Bruce Harris was known to everybody and his tragic end was a mystery.

Hundreds of his old acquaintances called at Undertaker Swift's yesterday to look at his face. Death had not changed it. After the storm of life, after being tossed by its tempest, his face bore no trace of the suffering it had endured. It was as calm as if in sleep.

A jury of inquest was empaneled to inquire into the cause of his death yesterday morning. Its duty was only a formal one and was quickly done. There was but one verdict it could find and it was quickly returned. "Bruce Harris had come to his death by an overdose of morphine administered by his own hand."

At 4 o'clock Undertaker Swift's office was filled with the friends of the dead man. Dr. Walker Lewis was present and conducted a short funeral service.

There was a song, some scripture was read and Dr. Lewis made a few remarks.

At the grave another service was held and then Bruce Harris was consigned to his eternal rest.

The pallbearers were Captain Manley, Patrolmen Shepperd, Ball, Hamilton, Elliott and Holt.

A Card from Mr. South.

Atlanta, August 21.—Editor Constitution: The true condition of my two little boys, Jesse and Oscar South, has never yet been made known to the public. They were injured by the explosion of the engine last Thursday morning, the 18th. They had been selling papers and were returning home when the explosion occurred. They were terribly burned, and came home in great agony. They are both now in a serious condition. The physician has pronounced Oscar injured for life; both his legs are burned and drawn in such a manner that he cannot straighten them, and he is injured internally; his face and hands and neck are also terribly burned. My boy Jesse's body, face, neck, hands and limbs are horribly burned. They are both injured internally and are lying unable to raise their heads. They are in a serious condition and suffering terribly, requiring the most careful nursing day and night. The younger boy, Oscar, will be a cripple for life, and Jesse's face, neck and hands will be disfigured and scarred as long as he lives, and there is great danger for it of his eyesight being permanently injured. He said that the boys were jumping on and off the car. They were not doing anything of the kind and were not within ten feet of the engine when the explosion occurred. They were coming home after selling their papers. You will please pardon and allow me this space in your paper, as neither the public nor the papers have ascertained how seriously my boys were injured. The attending physicians are Drs. Dixon and Hawley. By publishing this you will greatly oblige yours respectfully, M. P. SOUTH, 73 Magnolia street.

The Old Man Wept.

Dalhousie, Ga., August 21.—(Special.)—Old Uncle Bobbie Hulsey, who is seventy-six years old, when passing through town was asked if he helped to remove the Indians. He said he did; that he belonged to Captain Barker's company. Uncle Bobbie is now a pensioner under the law recently enacted by congress, and we were the first one to convey the good news to the poor old man. Tears came into his eyes at learning the good news for him, and we were equally glad, for the old man is needy, feeble and unable to work but little.

He Wanted to Marry Her.

Lancaster, Pa., August 21.—George Kitteras, an attendant at the Lancaster county hospital, while accompanying home a lady, a cook at the institution late last night, proposed marriage. She refused and he drew a revolver and fired, but the ball was deflected by a large button the woman wore and she escaped serious injury. Kitteras fled and has not been arrested.

REDUCED RATES TO BRUNSWICK.

Next Sunday the East Tennessee Will Carry

The largest number of people that ever left Georgia for the sea in one day, with the possible exception of Sherman's army. Tickets will be sold by the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railway Sunday, August 21st, at \$5 from Chattanooga, Dalton, Rome and Atlanta to Brunswick and return. These tickets will be good returning on or before August 29th.

Trains will leave Atlanta Sunday at 7:15 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. Arrangements have been made for a number of coaches and sleeping cars, so that no one will be crowded.

Both the Cumberland and St. Simons Steamboat Companies will make exceedingly low rates from Brunswick to the islands.

aug 18-6-8

PERSONAL.

Mr. G. J. Toimell, a popular business man of Mac Kinnon, is at the Kimball house.

Mr. Ed Copeland, the popular Greensboro banker and wife, are in the city en route home from a very pleasant visit to Lake Springs by the mountains of the Cumberland.

Congressman J. H. Blount is at the Kimball house.

Mr. El Hulsey has returned from a four weeks' visit "on the deep blue."

Colonel James M. Smith, who is making many effective speeches in behalf of democracy in many sections of the state, is at the Markham.

Messrs. Freeman & Grantham's stock of fine stationery is now on sale at Thornton's, 37 Whitehall.

The best picture frames are made by Sam Walker, 18 Marietta street. He carries a fine assortment of bookshelves and water colors. Lowest prices—new goods. Mail orders receive prompt attention. oct 2-17

W. O. JONES'S FINE STABLES.

Located at 41 South Forsyth Street.

For first-class livery of every description go to W. O. Jones. The finest horses and most stylish vehicles. Every riding horse. Best stables in the south for boarding horses. Special terms. aug 18-1m

Aid to Home Builders at Manchester.

The Manchester Investment Company are certainly an enterprising crowd, and their enterprise is rapidly developing one of Atlanta's most beautiful suburbs into what will soon be one of the most delightful residence towns in the south. In order to hasten this development the company now makes another important stroke. They offer to pay one-tenth of the cost of any and all residences built upon lots bought from them, provided that no house thus built shall cost less than \$1,000, and provided further, that the building be begun by September 1, 1892. This offer has stimulated a large number of persons to begin at once, and in a few days the rate of the hammer and the buzz of the saw will make music from one end of Manchester to the other. aug 2-17

WHITE CAPS DANCE.

They Leap Upon a Negro Cabin Floor

WHILE DANCERS TRIPPED FANTASTIC.

A Very Interesting Story Told by a Citizen from Calhoun—What Could This Mean?—Was It a Joke?

A well-known citizen of Calhoun was in Atlanta last night and told a very interesting story of white caps in that region of Georgia.

It seems that the negroes not far away from Calhoun had gathered from miles around for a good old-time frolic. It was one of these knock-down-and-drag-out dances, or "hot suppers," as the darkeys used to call them—a regular old-fashioned "do wah" frolic.

The cabin was crowded with ebullient votaries of Bacchus and Terpsichore. They were there of all sizes, all ages and all sorts, from the giddy young Dinah "on her first legs" to the old stager who had "cut de pigeon wing" before a thousand and one frolics like that.

And when music arose with its proverbial swell voluptuous it is needless to tell how those darkeys did reel and rock to its inspiring strains, while the prompter in the fiddler's corner yelled out the well-known and indispensable dance song for occasions such as this down in the quarters:

Steal my partner I steal your'n,
Little Lisa Jane;
Steal all 'round, don't slight none,
Little Lisa Jane.

The dance was well under way, with its hilarious shouts and shuffles, its laughter and song and old-time merriment. Not an obstacle was in the way; the floor was just sandy enough to make the heavy brogan shoes of the dancers roll easy on the planks.

as they cut the antics and whetted off the jigs obedient to the rapturous souls of the darkeys in the dance. There was evidently just enough whisky aboard, too, to make the merry revelers all the merrier. The stars gleamed brightly on the scene—all was joy, bliss unpeakable!

"But hush! Hark!"—let Byron tell the rest.

A wild shout shrieks in upon the company which, for a moment, did hush the fiddler's tune and bid the joyous dancers cease. It was a scene. Not a single cheek turned pale, but mark how the hot, excited blood of rapturous merriment did trickle from each face back down into the darkeys' feet again.

Another shout, another scream—white caps! Where was the negro then whose flagrant, lawless deed had brought these masked men there? Who was he?

Perhaps if quietude could possibly have reigned he would have involuntarily announced himself present and surrendered. But quietude was a foreign word just at that period; lights went out at the twinkling of an eye; negroes of all sizes poured out of the windows into the stillness of the summer night and the ghostlike figures of the intruding white caps were left alone sole monarchs of the dancing hall deserted.

There is a shroud of mystery about the whole affair. No one knows who the white caps were, whether white or black, and no one knows what mischief had been committed by some of the revelers to call the masked men to the gay and joyous scene.

To use the language of the old negro when the kuklux had held him up, "It couldn't be ben er joke."

Three things to remember: Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most MERIT, has won unequalled SUCCESS, accomplishes the greatest CURES. Is it not the medicine for you?

Pure and Wholesome Quality commands to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

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CORNER PRYOR ST. AND EDGEWOOD AVENUE.

SUPPLIES FOR RAILROADS,

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